

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1920

## Deserts Good Business, Fine Home, Two Autos to Rejoin the Circus

Robert E. Sherwood Ran Away at 15—Now Repeats  
at 57 to Be a Clown.

By Marguerite Dean.

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"Sherwood, come back home, O Time in thy flight!  
Make me a clown again, just for to-night!"

THAT is the little song which has been sounding for almost two-score years in the heart of Robert E. Sherwood, publisher, author and book-seller of New York, but once a clown with the one and only P. T. Barnum.

And to-morrow the lure of the tanbark, the call of the circus will prevail at last. Mr. Sherwood will leave his book-shop at No. 40 John Street, his big house in Flatbush, his two automobiles, and, putting on the same "Joey" suit he wore forty years ago, will appear in the ring at Madison Square Garden as director of the producing clown act. When the circus goes on the road, Mr. Sherwood will go along with it.

He ran away to join the circus at fifteen, and now he's running away again at fifty-seven!

With a slightly sheepish grin, but his blue eyes twinkling, the big, square-shouldered President of the Book-sellers' League and the author of "Love Letters of a Rookie to Julie" and "Slang Syclopedia of Baseball," told me tales of the tanbark of other days, and confessed that he had yielded once more to "the call of the wild."

"It's sheer sentiment," he laughed. "I have the business here and I can write my check for fifty thousand—but I can't stay away from the old ring and the old crowd any longer."

"I joined the old one-ring Barnum Circus in 1873, when I was a boy of fifteen. I ran away from home. First, I 'buttered on the seats'—that is, I sold pink lemonade to the crowd in the tent. We used to make it of citric acid, and stick in a lot of lemon peel which the advance man would collect for us from the towns."

"Then, after two years, I became a 'Joey' or clown. I was the first sing-



DOLL MODELLED AFTER ROBERT E. SHERWOOD IN HIS FIRST CLOWN COSTUME.

ing clown, and I made my biggest hit singing 'Down in the Coal Mine.' I did tumbling over the horses' backs, and doubled with a 'Pete Jenkins act'—that's the fellow who pretends to be a drunk from the audience and finally, after tumbling all over a horse, strips to riding tight and does backbends. Then, with the ring master, I 'spelled the riders'—that is, entertained the crowd with jokes while the horses rested. This was one of the jokes that made a great hit in those days: 'Why is a lady's corset like a bull dog? Because it's tied up all day and let loose at night!'

"After I had hurt myself falling over a toe-peg while I was watching Linda G. in her act, they made me master of transportation. I was with the circus, off and on, till 1891."

"And why did you leave it?" I asked. "I married a minister's daughter," laughed Mr. Sherwood. "So, instead of travelling with the circus, we started a travelling book store, selling books from a wagon all along the shores of Lake Michigan. In 1898 we came to New York, and my first store was in the old Astor House. Then I went to Maiden Lane, and besides selling books was a pioneer in selling ladies' wear downtown and in having a place where girls could dance after lunch. But I've always had a hankering to get back to the circus. I invented 'Joey Fingling,' a clown doll dressed just as I used to appear. Every time I looked at it I got more homesick. So now I'm leaving my store in the hands of the best manager in the world—my wife—and I'm going back to the ring!"



ROBERT E. SHERWOOD.

## Fables for the Fair

By Marguerite Moores Marshall

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**THE SPRING CHICKEN!**  
She is Some Birdie!  
She is Most for anybody suffering from Spring Fever!  
She has almost human intelligence!  
She has taken all the feathers off her wing joints.  
She believes that an elbow undressed is adorned the most.  
Nor is she a Cochon-China chicken.  
With feathers on her legs.  
Why does a Spring Chicken cross the road?  
Because her skirts are almost as short as Maurice Ketten draws them.  
And the high cost of silk stockings is nothing in her young life!  
Lift the feathers, she has not plucked one gayer than ever!  
She wears an "off-the-face" hat.  
The color of spring asparagus or new peas.  
With cherry dingle-dangles.  
Her French pumps have round toes.  
There is a cunning sash around her brand new wasp waist.  
And a sort of half-portion hoop skirt, with saddle-bag pockets.  
Around what used to be her hips.  
The slogan of the Spring Chicken of 1920  
is that twenty-year-old vaudeville jape—  
"Hip-hip-hooray!"  
Though how she can make two lips grow where none grew before  
is a part of the Secret Diplomacy of the Boudoir.  
What does the Spring Chicken?  
She puts her little claws on the ouija board and flirts with the spirits;  
she dances the shimmy  
With the true poultry yard twit to her shoulders;  
She goes on French passey jags—  
The very latest, since January-sixteenth, Temptation of the Flesh:  
She chirps, chatters, gurgles and twinkles  
Over the ice water dinners which most of us find so "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable!"  
Unprofitable to everybody except the bandits who sell four dollars' worth  
of food for ten dollars.  
Then, too, the Spring Chicken offers no end of sport to the Hunting Parson.  
He NEVER tires of taking pot-shots at her clothes, amusements, flirtations,  
ideals, jewels, favorite plays, favorite love stories, extravagance,  
artificiality, morality, lack of morality!  
She is Fair Game for every Vigilante of Vice,  
and the Spring Drive against her is the chief Sporting Event of the Pulpit.  
Which is surely reason enough why she should be Preserved.  
And, after all, what would the rest of New York's fauna do without her?  
Silly, pretty, gaily, naughtily, harmless, juzzing, smart, entirely indigenous  
YOUNG Spring Chickens—  
Little Blue Bird of happiness and gaily and anti-Burlesque—  
You are the one sparkling, bubbling, exhilarating substitute for a cocktail.  
Let still offend to a dry, dull, dismal, distraught world!

**ROMB CHICKEN!**—I'll say so!

## Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family

By R. L. McCordell

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"NOW that it's long after Easter, potted plants and spring dresses will be cheaper," remarked Mrs. Jarr; "not that I am interested in potted plants," she added.  
"I'm not either, not even in a plant where I can get potted," remarked the virtuous Mr. Jarr. "But, listen; Rangle gave me a crackerjack receipt to make real Burgundy at home—you take grape juice and a cake of yeast, and—"

"Never you mind," Mrs. Jarr interrupted. "you are not going to mess up my house, with spring cleaning right at hand, with any smelly, fermenting crocks full of home made alcohol poisons. Dear me! Sometimes I wish that you still had your old Gus's place at the corner; but one thing sure, my house isn't going to be turned into a brewery or a distillery!"

"I don't think when it's turned into a dressmaking shop," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "I came home last night and fell over a dress form in the hall and I find the front room sofa stuck full of pins and needles and scissors and cloth remnants and—"

"It's the only way I can afford to get a new dress—make it at home," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, alright," replied Mr. Jarr. "Go round the shops and nail a bargain or two. Decoration Day is on the way, and prices may go up again. And then, there's June Bug Day, and Fourth of July—it's too late to celebrate our real National Holiday, April First!"

"Oh, you needn't worry! I have selected something, and it is being held for me," Mrs. Jarr interrupted impatiently.

"Oh, I guess it will be all right," faltered Mr. Jarr. "If you say you've got to have a new dress, I guess you've got to have it. But when do you say you'll have these new clothes?"

"I'll have to have them right away or else stay in the house," replied Mrs. Jarr. "For Mrs. Blather has just applied the two old dresses I gave her to make over. And I don't dare say a word to her!"

"But, as I was saying, I want sixty

## It Pays to Be Polite

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A FRIEND of mine drew my attention to an act of politeness shown by a hotel proprietor to a soldier man in the matter of making him comfortable.

As against this, I was told recently about a woman who arrived at a social gathering. She was dressed very modestly and simply in comparison to the other guests, who looked upon the woman as a poor relation of the hostess. She was left in a corner to entertain herself.

Somewhat later in the evening, it became known that this woman has great wealth and position, and all the rest. Then everybody tried to "know-how" to her, whereupon she graciously bled them adieu and departed, and did not come again in their midst.

The politeness that truly pays is that which comes spontaneously—that which comes by force of habit. For it is a habit.

It begins with the child. A good illustration is that of two sisters, friends of mine. They both have children and when I visit these families the contrast is most noted.

Lessons learned in childhood have a staying quality. By teaching politeness towards each other, it becomes innate with them and it is unnecessary to call on "company manners."

When I visit the other family, I am constantly dismayed by the mother continually prompting the children. She urges them: "Now what do you tell a polite person immediately. 'Say please,' &c., &c."

Therefore politeness, like every other virtue, must be explained to the children. If you appeal to their better side and make them respect each other their department becomes a matter of every day. They get used to it. It becomes second nature.

Instinctively they become naturally polite without realizing it themselves. This is true of adults as well. You can tell a polite person immediately. He does not have to think of being polite. He just is so—to the stranger, to the friend, to his family.

And he has begun very early—in his own home, with his own people. After all, that is where true politeness really tells.

It is a joy to see it wherever it occurs. The man who rises to give a lady his seat. The young person who aids the aged as he passes. The individual who goes out of his way to help a bewildered stranger.

In a word, politeness is the mark of respect that makes the world more human.

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## Higher Education vs. Wages

Who Gets the Loot? Stevedore or Collegiate Clarence?  
Answer—Wages Wiggle; Salaries Static.

By Neal R. O'Hara.

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IN a distant era, when the celluloid output was made into collars instead of cinema scenes, Higher Education was considered very snappy and something beyond the reach of the mob.

In those fine days a rube would hock his farm to shoot Kera through four years of learning, and a fond pepper would go without watch

Working at a flat-top desk so



WHILE THE EDUCATED DUCKLING IS TRAILING A POSITION, THE STEVEDORE'S UNLOADING AT \$1.20 AN HOUR.

charms so the son and heir might eke education.

Those were the days when \$18 a week put a guy in the Upper Middle Class; when you got something for a nickel besides the wrong number; and when Higher Education was supposed to pay big dividends.

Once upon a time the college diploma was a skeleton key to more kinds of success than Helms had varieties. It let a guy leave the halls of learning for still greater haunts. A guy that could prove 2 and 2 were 4 by algebra had more glint to his future than the sob that fell back on his fingers for proof.

The collegiate Clarence that had as many degrees as a thermometer was booked solid to go up fast! Brains were then regarded as an asset instead of a filling for the skull.

To-day education is all right so far as it goes, but the higher it travels the harder it falls. A guy with a general education gets a corporal's pay to-day. A Johnny that's learned to call signals for four straight varsity years may make an excellent cab starter, but he finds running a business isn't much like scoring the six winning points. After looking for a swell job for sixteen months, the college decides that when stevedores are scarce it is folly to be wise.

A stevedore is a guy that thinks

longer means superior pay. To-day it is foolish to be on the inside looking out unless you can look out for yourself! It's a lot better to be on the outside looking in, provided you're a window cleaner, who is certainly well paid for his paces.

Now shampooing plate glass may seem uncultured to a Bachelor of Arts, but it's a job that gets steadier money than wiping the dust off of Virgil's poems. These days it's wages that juggle while salaries stay static. The wages of sin are the only ones that haven't increased since the unions yelled murder.

A cub that's whirling through college now is missing a lot of 8-hour days. There are no books he goes through faster than the old man's checkbooks. So when Son is plastered with an A. B. title he represents four years' expenses and not much else.

By the time Young Smarty has got his degree, the plumber's boob, who was his classmate up to the time of the high school commencement, has already stored away four years of lead pipe loot. Which means that when the A. B. baby gets up on the firing line he has a debit that's longer than the Siwash cheer and a tiger! And he only has the rest of his lifetime to wipe it out! It takes less than a plumber to figure whether higher education pays.

## Servant Girls Beware! You Face the Fate of The Other Profiteers

Judge John R. Davies Threatens to Put the Law on  
"Home Wreckers."

By Fay Stevenson.

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SERVANT girls who have been profiteering had better take warning. The goblins will get them if they don't watch out! And the goblins in this case will not be big, black crows, but big, stalwart judges in black gowns and caps like Justice John R. Davies of the Seventh District Municipal Court.

Justice Davies announced his prospective servant-profiteering crusade after he had thrown out of court most of the 350 evictions cases on the day's calendar. "We are going to stop all profiteering," declared he. "First we are getting after the landlords, and next in turn will come the servant girl profiteers, and then shoe dealers, and then the dealers in flour."

But of course it was Justice Davies' crusade upon servant profiteering which inspired me to bombard him with questions.

"Yes, indeed, I'm on the trail of this domestic profiteer and home-wrecker," emphatically declared Justice Davies. "He stopped for a brushing spell at the noon session. 'I've had my eyes on them for a long time and I sometimes think that the servant who comes to your home, demands sixty or seventy dollars a month, declares she will neither do the washing nor the ironing and flirts states what she will do and what she WON'T is even a worse profiteer than the old landlord himself!'

"Of course she has felt very little of the H. C. of L.," I said. "The cost of coal, janitor service, plumbers and carpenters' wages cannot be her wait when she demands more money."

"Exactly," said Justice Davies. "She hasn't even as plausible an excuse as the landlord. The cost of food does not affect her but rather the master and mistress of the house. 'I think that we might bring the servant to the same terms as the landlord, or even a little less, because as I just said she really has very little increase in her own personal budget. I should like to see a law passed, and shall certainly do everything in my power to introduce such a law, to class servants as profiteers who ask over 45 per cent. of

what the regular old fashioned hired girl received."

"Then you don't believe in calling this now home-servant a 'household assistant,' taking her out auto riding and treating her as a guest of the family rather than a worker?" I asked.

Justice Davies snapped his fingers and scowled. "I believe in getting one's money worth," was his answer. "Housewives can never solve the servant question by calling them servants 'household assistants,' hiring the washing outside and making fire-side companions of them. They haven't solved it that way at all. The fact of it is, most of them are doing without help."

"There are a few childless women living in tiny apartments who still 'keep a maid.' They pay just what the profiteering servant of the day asks, send out the laundry and even allow these girls to wear their evening gowns, but the truth is that the poor little housewife who has three or four children is making herself ill doing all her own work. Many homes in the suburbs are abandoned because of lack of help, and the general run of home life is not as smooth as it used to be."

"I consider this profiteering servant just as much of a home wrecker as the profiteering landlord," concluded Justice Davies. "And I'm going to see that she's put out of business."

—FAY STEVENSON.



JUSTICE JOHN R. DAVIES.